## GEO. N. HICKS, REAL ESTATE BROKER,

1615 HOWARD STREET.

Offers for sale the following bargains in Omaha property:

The finest lots in HANSCOM PLACE, originally reserved by Mr. Hanscom, and now first placed on the market as the choice residence property of Omaha. Elegant east front lots, splendid corner lots; just on grade. Magnificent view, near street ears, park, and surrounded by beautiful homes and a splendid class of people. Over thirty substantial houses costing from \$2,000 to \$10,000 each, will be built this season in the immediate vicinity. Will sell these lots at PRICES AND TERMS THAT PLACE THEM WITHIN THE KEACH OF ALL who desire "Handsome Homes," And for investment, these lots cannot be excelled, as their location, natural advantages and the great number of costly houses to be erected will cause them to advance rapidly in price during the next six months. Also offer 3 beautiful east front lots in Marsh's Addition, near corner 25th and Leavenworth, one block from street cars, pavement, St. Mary's Avenue and church, covered with fine shade trees; each \$2,300. Seven fine east front lots in Leavenworth Terrace; two blocks from Belt Line railway depot on Leavenworth street; lots around are selling for \$700 to \$900; can offer these lots for a few days only at \$550 each. Two south from Leavenworth street, with its proposed grading, paving and Cable Line, covered with large oak and maple trees—a big bargain—the two at \$2,400. Eight lots in Burr Oak, convenient to street cars and railroad, at \$800 to \$000. Two lots fronting south on Leavenworth street, each 61 feet front, one a corner, will be valuable business property in one year, the two for \$1,500. Two lots fronting south on Leavenworth street, each 61 feet front, one a corner, will be valuable business property in one year, the two for \$1,500. good lots, high and sightly location, splendid neighborhood; lots beyond are selling for \$1,000 and \$1,200; can sell the two acres if sold at once for \$7,000. Some nice lots in Hawthorne, near Thirty-third and Davenport; the nearness of these lots to center of town make them especailly desirable investments at \$900. Five lots, one a corner, on Lowe avenue, near Dodge street, high and healthy location, splendid place for a home, very easy terms, only \$1,100 each. Six lots in Hartford Place, just this side of new M. P. depot and canning factory, cheapest property in the market, only \$300; \$10 down, \$10 per month. Two lots, one a corner, in Shinn's 2nd addition, if sold quick, the two only \$1,600. A few choice lots in Ambler Place, Walnut Hill, Washington Hill, West Ead, Orchard Hill and other favorite additions. Also offer a large list of improved residence property, ranging in price from \$2,000 to \$6,000. CAN OFFER FOR THE NEXT TENDAYS THE FINEST EIGHT-ROOM COTTAGE AND EAST FRONT LOT IN HANSCOM PLACE, ON GEORGIA AVENUE, ELEGANT NEIGHBORHOOD, CITY AND CISTERN WATER, A PERFECT GEM OF A HOME, ONLY \$4,300 IF SOLD QUICK. Also several six-room cottages with eistern and city water, slate mantels, good location, only \$2,250; \$250 cash, \$25 per month. 44-foot front on Harney, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, at \$2,000; first-class location for business. 65 feet on Howard, near Thirteenth street, only \$18,000; easy terms; splendid such for wholesale or warehouse purposes. 166-foot front on Capitol avenue, next to Masonic Block, is spiendid business. property and rapidly improving; has eight brick stores all rented; can make this the biggest bargain in Omaha if sold soon. Also offer two sections of choice farm land in Howard county, near good railroad station and St. Paul, the county seat, a town of 2,000 inhabitants. No better soil in the state; can plow every acres; urrounded by a good class of people and cultivated farms. Can offer this land for the bargains I offer for sale. Investors, and especially parties from outside the city will do well to consult the list of property I offer before buying elsewhere.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Nemesis Which Has Pursued Its Thousands to Prison and the Gallows.

A Remarkable Case From the Records. of Wisconsin-Narrow Escape of an Innocent Man.

The criminal who argues that he is safe because no one saw him commit the erime, forgets that circumstantial evidence is a Nemesis which has pursued its thousands to the prison and the gallows. Had the Preller case in St. Louis been one in which men could testify that they saw the killing done, the sensation would have died out in a week. It depended upon circumstantial evidence alone, and as imk after link has been picked up to make a complete chain the whole country has been interested. The records of crime in every state show that where circumstantial evedence is soley depended on, a terribly strong case can be made against an entirely innocent man. That this has been done time after time we all know, though in the great majority of cases the real criminal gets his just de-

Some forty years ago there lived in Wisconsin a farmer named Throop, who was a widower, with a daughter years old. The man had a good reputa-tion, and his daughter was a great favor-ite in the neighborhood. For some time previous to the occurrence which caused his arrest, Throop had not been on good terms with a farmer named McWilliams, living about a nile away, on account of damage committed by cattle belonging to the latter. There had been a lawsuit, and Throop had said in the presence of witnesses that he would like to put a bul-let into McWilliams. One day about noon the cattle broke into the field again and the daughter notified her father. He was terribly enraged, and, as he started to drive them out, took his rifle along. The back end of the field bordered on a wood, and the daughter saw her father disappear among the trees after the run-ning cattle. Soon thereafter she heard shot, and was alarmed for

that her father had carried out his threat. In about half an hour Throop came home, pale and agitated, put up his gun, and sat down to his dinner without a word. The zirl was crying, but he didn't seem to notice it. After the meal was eaten he hitched up a horse to the buggy and drove away, saying that he might not be back before sundown. He reed at 7 o'clock, and the daughter noticed that he was in much better humor. Neither referred to the affair of the cat tle, and the evening passed off pleasantly Two days later, Throop meanwhile pur-suing his labors around home, the sheriff appeared and arrested him. The farmer was at supper when the officer entered, and it was afterward put in evidence that Throop turned deadly pale before the errand of the officer was made known. When told to consider himself a prisoner he asked what was the charge, and the

"For the murder of Henry McWilliams. His body was found in the woods this afternoon."

sheriff replied:

Throop was terribly agitated, but he protested his innocence, saying he had not seen the man for a week. As he was taken away he whispered to his child, who was clinging to him: 'Say nothing of my chasing the cattle

This was overheard by the sheriff, and at the proper time was used, to the prisoner's confusion. The daughter was convinced of her father's guilt from the first. The blundering sheriff did not take away the rifle, and he had no sooner departed than the girl inspected it, to

In hopes to exculpate her father, she set about and cleaned and loaded the gun. In the course of a few hours she was put under restraint and interrogated. Be lieving that anything she could say in regard to the affair would react on her father, she determined on silence, her father, she determined on silence, and not one word could be got out of her as to the events of the past three days. Throop vigorously denied the killing but was obstinately silent to all other questions. The prosecution then began to work up its case of circumstantial evidence, and was fortunate from the start. A person came forward who saw Throop leave his house, gun in hand, to chase the cattle. Two persons affirmed that they heard the report of a rifle. to chase the cattle. Two persons affirmed that they heard the report of a rifle. Several people had heard Throop make threats. The cleaning of the rifle was charged to Throop, and made to look ugly against him. The silence of himself and daughter was proof sufficient to most people that he was guilty of murder.

Court was in session and the accused was speedily brought to triai. To his lawyer he divulged the episode of pursuing the eattle, and he admitted firing at a heifer and missing her. The shot went over her and entered a beech tree. He gave his solemn word that he did not see McWilliams that day. When he left the house after dinner it was with the intention of going to the town several miles away to consult a lawyer in regard to a new suit. He did not find the lawyer in his office, and on his way home he got to thinking the matter over, and made up his mind he had been too hasty all along. He even had some thought of going to his neighbor and holding out the hand of reconciliation, but he was restrained by the lateness of the hour. This feeling accounted for his changed conduct when he came home.

The awyer went to the woods and found the beech tree, and dug out the bullet. He also found that the lawyer whom Throop went to see was out at the hour specified. It was strange, however, that while scores of men in the town knew Throop, no one could be found who remembered having seen him on that

occasion.

Mrs. McWilliams affirmed that her husband had left the house with his rifle to hunt squirrels in the woods, and she had never seen him alive again. He had been shot through the head. What had become of his rifle? The prosecution intended to charge Throop with hiding it. The defense had no theory about it, though they might ask why the body had not been hidden as well. Any theory of suicide was out of the question in the face of circumstances.

The case was called with a strong prej-udice against the prisoner. The prosecution put in all its evidence, circumstan-tial and otherwise, and it seemed to every one a clear case. Before the defence opened an event occurred which had a most important bearing. A stranger was arrested in a town twenty miles away while trying to dispose or a rifle with MeWilliams' name engraved on a silver plate in the stock. He was brought to the county seat at once, and when the right pressure was brought to bear on him he made a confession. He was a traveling clock tinker. He had been drunk two or three days before the shooting, and his outlit had been lost or stolen. Early on the morning of the shooting he stole a couple of hens from Throop, and went into the woods and made a fire and roasted them for his breakfast. He was asleep when McWilliams stumbled upon him. Evidences were at hand that he was a and the farmer ordered him to pick up and leave. McWilliams threatened him with his gun and he closed in to wrest it away. In the struggle the weapon was discharged and the farmer was killed. At the same instant another shot was fired, but the tinker did not see Throop. He at first threw down the gun and ran away, but afterward returned for the away. gun, thinking to sell it and procure another outht

There could be no doubt of the truth

find that it had been recently discharged. of the tinker's story, and Throop was discharged from custody and the other party put on trial. He pleaded guilty, but judge and jury accepted his version of the shooting and he received a com-paratively short sentence. But for his-action in carrying away the gun he would probably lays been sat at liberty. probably have been set at liberty.

Kures Koughs Komptetely-Red Star Cough Cure. They never come back.

What False Hair Costs.

"What is the longest piece of hair you ever handled?" was asked of a San Fran-

ever handled?" was asked of a San Francisco dealer in hair.

"I sold a piece of hair in New York to Mr. Dibles, a dealer there, that was seventy-four inches long. For this I received \$20 an ounce. There was ten ounces in the piece. He made it into a switch and sold it to a customer for \$750. I have some hair now that is fifty odd inches long." Here Mr. Sicardi showed the reporter a tress of dark brown hair that reached from the shoulder to the floor when held perpendicularly. "This," he said, "is worth \$20 an ounce."

"Costs something, don't it?"

"Costs something, don't it?"
"Umph, that's not a circumstance.
Here is a packet of white hair—lift it."
It weighed a ton, comparatively speaking, as it was a very small bundle.
That," he continued, "is worth \$50 an ounce, wholesale."

"Then you can stow away a good many thousand dollars' worth in a small store?"
"Well, I should smile. There is a row of switches hanging there that you could pack in a small yalise that are worth at least \$2,000. There is a shelf full of small boxes of hair that is imported in small rolls ready to work into wigs, that are worth on an average \$12 an

A Most Liberal Offer.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated Voltaic Belt, and Electric Appliances on thirty days trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, manhood, &c Illustrate pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars mailed free. Write

An Argumentative Reporter. San Francisco Post: Mr. McRoberts, now editor of the Leeds (England) Mer-

cury, was at one time a reporter in this He was the most argumentative, and at the same time the calmest, man that ever struck the town. He would stop work at a fire to argue. Mr. Me-Roberts was on his way home early one morning, when an American citizen suddenly popped up with a pistol, leveled at his head, and said: Throw up yer hands!"

"Why?" asked Mr. McRoberts, undisturbed

'Throw them up!" "But what for?"

"Put up your hands," insisted the foot-id, shaking his pistol. "Will you do 'That depends," said Mr. McRoberts "If you can show me any reason why I should pit up ma hands, I'll no say but what I weell; but yer mere requaist wad be no justification fur me to do sae absurb athing. Noo, why should yoo a complete stranger, ask me at this, 'oor 'o the

"Dash you!" cricd the robber, "if you don't quit guyin' and obey orders, I'll blow the top of your head off!"

mornin', on a public street, tae put up my

Keep Quiet!

And take Chamberlain's Colic, Cholery and Diarrheea Remedy. It cures pain in the stomach almost instantly. Get a 25 cent bottle, take nothing else. You will need nothing else to cure the worst case of Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus or bowel complaint. This medicine is made for bowel complaint only and has been in constant use in the west for nearly fif-teen years. Its success has been un-bounded and its name become a household word in thousands of homes. Try it

THE DRESSED BEEF TRADE. Its Growth in Chicago to Colossal

Proportions. Chicago Times: Twenty-one years ago thirty of the freight cars owned by the Union Transportation & Insurance company were rebuilt under the direction of W. W. Chandler, then and afterward the Cheago agent of the company named May 16, 1865, one of those cars, carrying ten tons of butter, started from this city for New York. That was the very beginning of the refrigerator-car system, and of a business that has grown to enormous and rapidly increasing proportions. In those days there was almost no dairy business west of Michigan and Indiana. People said that good butter could not be People said that good butter could not be made of milk from the prairie grasses. No doubt the eating of weeds and ill-flavored grasses by the cows did much to prevent success in the dairy, but the drinking of impure water and breathing the foul air of filthy stables did more; and the entire want of means by which butter could be carried in good condition over long distances quickly did most to discourage the butter-makers of the west. Mr. Chandler argued that, with proper facilities for marketing the quantity of facilities for marketing, the quantity of butter produced would increase year by year, and it was probably to that conviction that the refrigerator car system owes its existence. The experiment of 1865 was so satisfactory in its results that in 1886 the number of "ice-houses on wheels" was increased to eighty-eight by the company, which for ten years enjoyed a monopoly of the business of carrying butter, eggs and some other perishable property from the west to the Atlantic

states.

One hot day, one of the first thirty ears fitted for this traffic was visited by two Chicago packers! They stood an instant in their shirt-sleeves, perspiring, on the platform of the freight house while the dears of the car wave general them. doors of the car were opened, then stepped into the car. The metal walls were covered by frost two inches deep. One moment in that low temperature was convincing enough, and as they hurried out one of the visitors remarked: "I don't see any reason why meats can't be sent to New York in such cars as well as butter, if the temperature can be kept as low as this."

He was assured that as long as ice and salt could be obtained the car could be kept cold enough inside to freeze anything placed in it. A few days later a larger party of packers inspected the cars, and the idea of summer packing was born. Before that time all packing operations had been crowded into a few winter months, to the necessary incon-venience and cost of all concerned. Now millions of hogs are packed during the warm months of each year, in Chleago alone, and thousands of tons of fresh beef, mutton and pork are sent from the great live stock centers to every important town in the states east of the Mis-sissippi and to Europe. Twenty years ago only three railroads connected Chi cago and New York. Now each of eight great lines offer incomparably better facilities than those three then had for transporting freight swifty, cheaply and uninjured. During the year ended with December last nearly \$6,000,000 pounds of butter went from Chicago to the east in refrigerator cars. Much of this vast quantity went to butter the bread of Eugenstein refrigerator fully support to the cast in the support of the sup rope. An average of fully eighty car-loads of dressed beef for each working day of 1885 left Chicago and Hammond a suburb of Chicago, for the east. All this was safely preserved by refrigera-tion, not only on the way to the seaboard, but also much of it on the voyage across

the ocean as well. As illustrating the growth of the dressed beef traffic of Chicago, it may be stated that in 1884 there were shipped from Chicago and from Hammond a total of 498,000,000 pounds; in 1885 Chi-cago shipped 465,500,000 pounds and Hammond 110,500,000 pounds, making an aggregate of 576,000,000 pounds of beef, or 28,280 car-loads of ten tons each. That

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number of cars would make a train 180 miles in length, each two rods represent-ing thirty-two cattle. These facts indi-cate a somewhat ample fulfillment of the prophesy uttered twenty years ago by the pioneer maker of refrigerator cars, who then declared that 'tresh beef will yet be taken to New York at all seasons, safely, regularly and in considerable quantities."
To what grand magnitude these branches of business will grow in the next ten or twenty years no man living can safely foresee, nor can anyone tell what intimate connections with the domestic economy of the people that growth may have. Even now the farmers living near towns remote from Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City may eat to day of a steak, a roast or a tenderloin fresh from the very bullocks that a few days ago were fatten-ing on corn at the crib close by the farmhouse, and were sent a thousand miles, it may be, to be slaughtered and separated, part to be eaten in European homes and part to be consumed in hotels, restaurants and private houses widely scattered throughout the states. Already a num-ber of slaughter houses have been established in the very midst of the pastures of the plains, each of the houses having its chilf-rooms and its side-tracks, where refrigerator cars will await their cargoes of beef grown on the grass round about. It is even confidently predicted that the day is near when men will no more think of shipping cattle long distances alive than they would now think of shipping sash, doors and blinds in the form of the pine logs in which those things were originally.

Nothing more painful than a sprained nkle, which can be cured by St. Jacobs

The Singular Story of Silent Joe. In the year 1867 a young man named Charles Miller left Hartford, Conn., for the west. At Buffalo he fell in with a man the west. At Buffalo he fell in with a man calling himself Henry Davison, and the two traveled to Chicago together. Miller had about \$300 in cash with him, while Davison had only a few shillings left when they reached Chicago. The former intended going to Colorado, while the latter, who said he was a butcher, decided to remain in Chicago and work at his trade for a time. They took quarters together in a cheap hotel, and, to further reduce expenses, they occupied one bed. On the night before Miller was to leave

for the far west, and as they were about ready to go to bed, he took out and counted his money. He had \$200.50, and, knowing that his companion had but a follar or two, he handed him a \$10 bill. "I won't take it from you except as a

loan," said Davison.
"That's al. right," replied Miller. "I shall write you, and whenever you can spare it you may send it along." "But you don't know me; we have been ogether only a few days." I can tell a square man on sight. Put

this in your wallet." While Miller was rolling up his money Davison got up and passed behind him. All of a sudden Miller lost consciousness. In the summer of 1869 the writer was one of the inhabitants of a mining camp on the Purgatory river in southern Colorado. One day a tenderfoot reached our camp. He was a veritable scareerow in general appearance. He hadn't a shilling in money nor an ounce of outlit, and when we came to question him it was discovered that he was only "half baked." He gave his name as Joe, but he had nothing else to tell. When asked what his other name was, where he came from, how he reached us, etc., he looked from face to face in a vacant way and shook his head. We were not the kind of men to turn a chap like that loose to be scalped y the Indians or to perish of starvation. We made him wash up, put on the gar-ments we contributed, and after he had got a square meal he looked and acted like a different man.

One of my two tent mates was an old surgeon from Ohio, and, as we had roomy quarters, he suggested that we take Joe in. The suggestion was adopted, and he was installed

as cook and laundryman. He was a very willing hand, and when his work at the house was finished he stood ready to help us at the mine. So far as speech went, us at the mine. So far as speech went, we got no more out of him after a month than on the first day. He called every meal supper. He called every article of wash a shirt. Every day in the week was Wednesday to him. I could say to him, "Here, Joe, fetch a pail of water," and he would take the pail and hurry away, but if I said, "Now, Joe, what state do you hail from?" he would stand and stare at me with open mouth. The miners played many a joke on him, and some of them pretty rough ones, but nobody ever saw him get angry. When we found that he would not answer questions put to him verbally, we tried him in writing. If, for instance, we wrote the query, "Where do you live?" he would take the penell, as if about to reply, but before he ocneil, as if about to reply, but before he could make a mark the idea would slip away from him, and he would sadly shake his head and turn away. One day, when he had been with us about six weeks, I entered the tent and saw the surgeon cutting Joe's hair, which was very long and unkempt. "Say, I'm right about this fellow," an-

nonneed the surgeon.

"Why, I've had an idea for a month past that he lost his memory through an injury to his head. Here's the trouble. He has received a blow right here, and a portion of the skull is pressing on the brain. I'll warrant he was as quick-witted as anybody before this hurt." "How long ago was it milieted?"

"A year or more. An operation by a skillful surgeon would restore him to his right mind,"

While that might be so, the chances for it were extremely dubious. We were charitable as far as our means would allow, but we were all poor. When Joe had been with us about two months a miner was one night robbed of his little hoard, then a second was robbed of his provisions; a third had his revolver stolen; and men came to us and declared their belief that our Joe was the guilty person. We could not believe this, but agreed to watch him. For several nights we took turns at spying, but, while he did not leave the cabin, another theft was committed. For a month we were completely upset by the mysterious doings around us. On two occasions some one prowling around at night was fired on, but he got safely away. In spite of all we could say, the suspicion kept growing that our Joe was the guilty party. We let men into the cabin to see that he did not leave his bed, but it so happened that on those particular nights no deviltry was committed. It was suggested that he be driven out of the camp, and when we refused to countenance any such step two thirds of the camp held aloof from us, and reports were circulated to our detriment

One morning a miner, who was supposed to be the richest man in the camp was found weltering in his blood. He had discovered a man in his tent the night before, and had boldly clutched him. In the struggle he had been stabbed in three places, and was severely though not mortally wounded. The surgeon was called to dress his hurts, and in his presence and that of a dozen others the wounded man declared that he had recognized his would-be assassin as our Joe. All of us had slept soundly that night, and while we believed in Joe's innocence, we could not be positive that he had not left the cabin. The miners knocked off work and went growling around, and about o'clock in the forenoon a rush was made for our cabin. They had determined to hang Joe. The three of us got out our revolvers to defend him, and the angry mob was held at bay on the slope for a few minutes. We had placed Joe inside, and had noticed that he did not seem a bit alarmed. While we were holding the mob and parleying, Joe climbed out of a window on the other side and was running away when they caught sight of him. Such action seemed conclusive of

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his guilt, and pursuit was instantly made and a hot fire opened. Joe ran straight for a cliff about thirty feet high, and as he reached the brink he threw up his arms and went over. We picked him up off the rocks seemingly dead, and the re-venge of the crowd was satisfied. An hour later, when the surgeon announced that Joe still lived, there was some growling, but no one interfered with us as we bore the bruised and broken body to our cabin. It seemed to me that he was com-pletely smashed, although he had no large bones broken.
On the third day after the accident Joe

opened his eyes, and we saw that he was conscious. Twenty four hours later he asked the surgeon where he was, what had occurred, and why Davison was not there. Then we all knew that our Joe had got his right mind back. It was a week before we questioned him. Then week before we questioned him. Then we learned all I told you at the outset. we learned all I told you at the ones. The last thing he remembered was counting that money in Chicago. For two years he had been like a man in his sleep. years he had been like a man in his sleep. When the camp got hold of all the particulars everybody was Miller's friend, and particularly so as the real thief was finally discovered and punished Miller remained with us until spring, and then set out for the mines on the upper Arkansas with some of our boys. In a camp not twenty miles from us he saw and identified Davison, who had been there for a year. The miners would have lynched the fellow, but he cut sticks too rapidly, and a week later his dead body was found in a gulch two or three miles away, where the Indians had tumbled it after securing his scalp.

The Flower Mania. Maude, in Chicago News: There is a perfect mania for flower wearing now, and a very charming mania it is, too Every other girl you see on the street, albeit she is laden with care and parcels, has a big bunch of jacqueminot roses on the front of her bodice. You must by no means call these pets jacqueminots, though as I have written them You must simply say jacks. That's the correct thing—It argues a kind of familiarity with them, as it were. A great reform has come about in the forms in which flowers are sent to girls. Don't you remember the dreadful bouquets, with their dozens of buds, all exactly the same size, shape and hue, impaled upon toothpicks, which your men friends used to send you? Those monstrosities are forever dead. Now a cute little basket arrives. You open it, and in the bottom, lying upon a bed of cool, dark leaves, are a mass of long-stemmed roses or lilies of the valley or rare orchids. not that ever so much sweeter and simpler? And have you heard about the conserved flowers, which are so expensively delicious and so deliciously expensive? You can now buy at a swell confectioner's a pound of conserved rose leaves at \$7, or a pound of conserved violets for \$9. They look and taste like something heavenly, and if a box should be sent you be sure and don't say any-thing about fools and their money. I had a melancholy experience with these rare conserves before I knew what they were. I received a box of confectionery, and on top was a layer of pink rose leaves, made, as I imagined in my gross ignorance, of glazed paper. I thought they made a very pretty top dressing, as it were, but I swept them into the waste basket along with the string with which the box was tied. meeting my friend next day, 1 thanked him or the box, and he asked me how 1 liked the conserved rose leaves. A terrible suspicion crossed my mind. I struggled for self-possession and said they were beautiful, but I hadn't yet tasted them, I got away from him as soon as I could, ran home, and flew up stairs to the waste basket. I found two tiny petals-the housemaid had thrown the rest into the ash-heap. I fished out these two and ate them with profound relish. I have not had any conserved flowers sent me since. Fortune seldom takes but one rebuff.

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## FOR SALE.

186 feet on 24th st., corner Douglas, \$23,250.

44 feet on 24th, near Farnam, \$5,500.

Lot on Dodge, corner 26th, 50x148, \$3,500.

Lot on Dodge, 50-feet front, corner, \$3,000.

48 feet on 26th street, near Dodge, \$1,500.

5-acre lots in Farnam Park, \$125 per acre. Easy terms.

Stock of clothing and furnishing gods in good location for sale or exchange for Omaha real estate.

Schlesinger Bros. Real Estate Dealers, 1018 FARNAM ST.

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SCHLESTATE \$250 q DEALERS, 1018 \$35 Per BROS., Farnam Street.

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